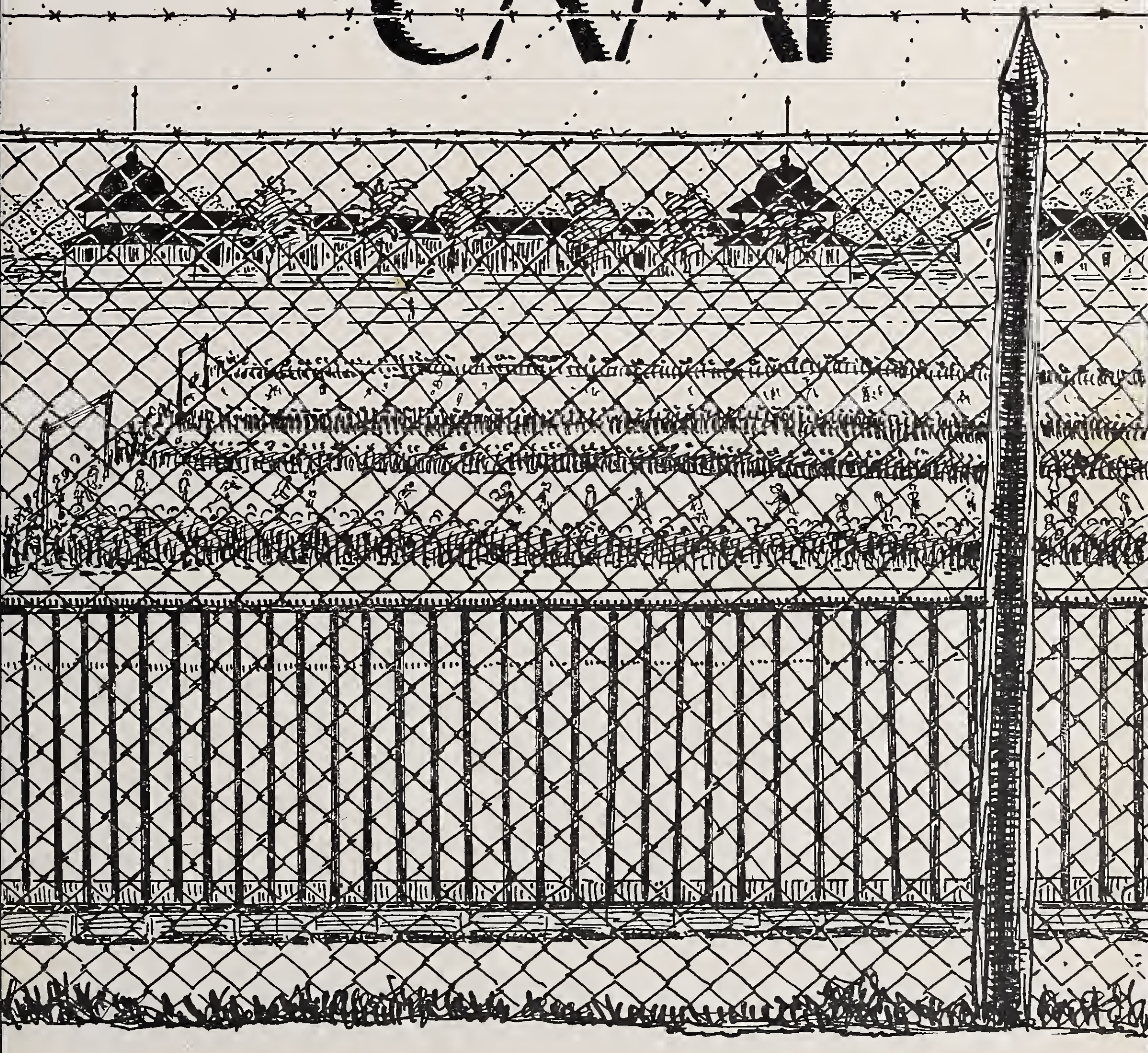
In Ruhleben Camp



No 9. **3D**

October 1915.

RUHLEBEN CAMP SCHOOL.

To the Camp!

Appeal for funds.

The success that has been the happy result of the School's efforts has led naturally to increase in expenditure. Up till now this has been met by Special Grants, and while the Current Expenditure will continue to be met in this way, the very considerable Initial Expense for Equipment — Partitioning, Books and Apparatus — is one which the Committee feel might well be borne in part by those who benefit from the School.

Like practically all other activities in the Camp, the School is essentially a voluntary service; but when in these days of general sacrifice so much money from within the Camp is spent on Amusement, the Committee feel that this Appeal for a Voluntary Subscription for Education will surely meet with a generous response.

Subscriptions should be handed into the School Office (between Bar. 2 & 3) during office hours 3—4. 30 any Afternoon, when a receipt will be given.

In
RUHLEBEN CAMP

No. 9. October 1915.

THE Camp pursues the unwontedly even tenor of its way, the political groups around the Captains' Office chat cheerily, with a marked absence of those swift eloquent glances into its shadowy portals, and there is no alteration in the price of the Camp Magazine to record and regret.

But still the inexorable voice of Custom bids us take heed that the first page of each issue must bear the imprint of what is commonly known as "the leading article", and which is, in reality, often the superfluous article.

What a pity that Mr. Cohen did not call us into consultation before fixing upon the subjects of the essays to be written for the Eisteddfod Literary Competition! Had he done so our inevitable suggestion would have been "A leading article for 'In Ruhleben Camp'." What benefits might have accrued there from! For untold issues the Camp might have been pithily lectured, jokingly remonstrated with, might have been subjected to cautious congratulation on the one hand and to dignified rebuke on the other.

Had Mr. Cohen only had forethough, the tone of the Camp rag might have been raised to the dizzy height of an "Saturday Review", or have rejoiced in the benevolent dignity of a "Spectator".

Alas! the opportunity has been lost, the Eisteddfod Committee has fixed its programme as unalterably as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and as result the Camp must bear with us, remembering that at least we strive our ignoble utmost, and take as our editorial greeting for the fortnight, "Well boys, football has begun, and here's to a jolly and a final season in Ruhleben!"

ARTS & SCIENCE UNION

THE CIRCLES.

Circle	Chairman	Secretary	Hour of Meeting
French	Mr. Balfour	Mr. Barry (Sch. B.)	3 Tuesday
German	Prof. Patchett	Mr. Carr (2)	1.45 Wed.
Spanish	Mr. Barry	Mr. Steer (7)	3 Friday
Italian	Mr. Cutayar	Mr. Struckmeyer (3)	2 Sun. 7 Tu. & Th.
*Science	Dr. Lechmere	Mr. Chadwick (10)	6.30 Wed.
Technical	Mr. Simon	Mr. Swale (11)	3—5 Th.
*Social Problems	Mr. A. C. Ford	Mr. Rawson (10)	7 Friday
Banking	Mr. Rudland	Mr. F. Stockall (11)	7 Wed.
Nautical	Capt. Hendriksen	Mr. Adams (10)	7 Mon.
Marine Engineers (Association)	Mr. P. M. Shaw	Mr. Fanning (11)	6.30 Friday

Those circles marked * are limited to persons who can contribute in their turn a paper of interest to the circle.

English Literature, Shakespeare, History, Scandinavian Literature Circles are being formed.

POPULAR LECTURES.

We are indebted to the following gentlemen for lectures much appreciated by those attending:
Wed. Sept. 22 Mr. Lockyer Roberts on the Generation and Distribution of Electric Power. Sat. 25th and Oct. 2nd Mr. Roylands-Cooper on the Condensation of Steam. Wed. 29th and 6th Mr. Swale on the Manufacture of Iron and Steel. Sat. 25th Mr. Kite on Une Colonie Française en Russie. Sat. Oct. 2nd Mr. Prichard on The Church of St. Marks, Venice.

EISTEDDFOD.

A full account will be found on another page.

PHOEBE IN RUHLEBEN SPORTSMEN.

WE were watching the great match between Barrack ten and the Rest.

"That's the end of this year's cricket, Phoebe", I said. "I wonder if we shall enjoy our next season here."

"So you enjoyed the cricket this year?"

"Rather!"

"Let's see; what was your highest score?"

"Highest score! Why, you know I never played."

"How can one enjoy cricket if one never plays?"

"One can watch. Besides it wat not my fault that I never not a game I —"

"No, no, of course not, I know all about it. The selection committee was run by a clique, and no one got a chance unless he was in the clique."

I nodded.

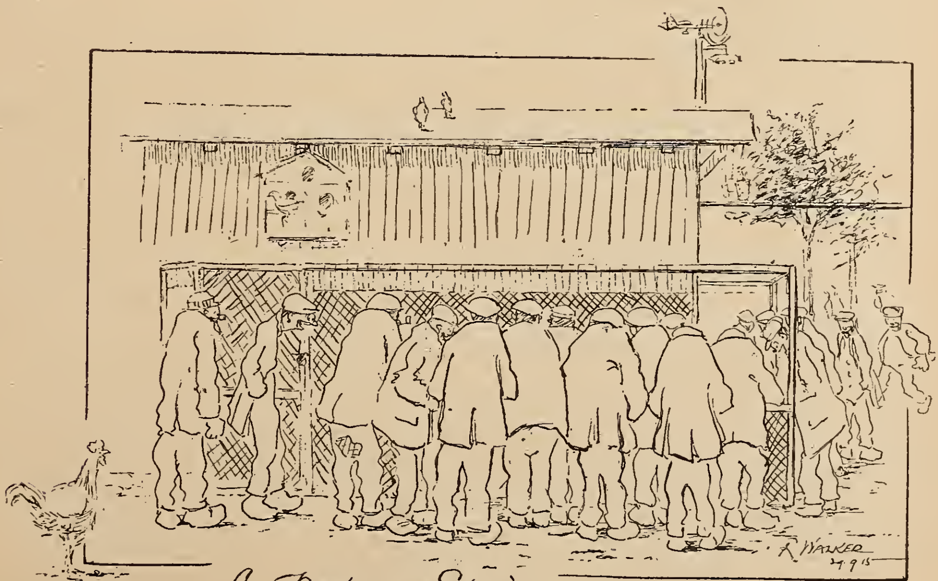
"Well, all I can say is that its a very funny thing, but nearly everybody who did not play, attributed his being left out to the same clique."

"Probably with justice."

"Do you think so? But in that case, is it not rather curious that when once you did get a chance to play, you refused to do so?"

"I'm an Englishman; and I'm not going to put myself out for a lot of people like that."

"What exactly do you mean?"



A Nature Study

"I refuse to explain."

"Because you can't. When a person starts off by saying that he is an Englishman, you can be pretty sure that he is going to talk a lot of nonsense. The fact is that you were too lazy to try and get into proper form."

"Perhaps you are right as far as I am concerned." I admitted, "but that does not explain the many cases in the Camp of good players being left out."

"Names please!"

"I can't think of any for the minute." I said lightly.

"Because there are none. The people in this Camp don't, that is, did, not want to play cricket, they wanted to watch someone else play. Watch football, watch cricket, watch marbles."

"Yes, I reckon we're pretty keen sportsmen."

"You call that sportsmanship?"

"What is it then?"

"It is certainly not that. It is laziness, indolence, mental and bodily sluggishness, call it what you like." I had never seen Phoebe so excited.

"Do you remember the football last season?" she went on, "Do you remember the crowds that watched?"

I nodded.

"And yet you know as well as I do that some of the barracks could hardly raise enough men to run two teams. Was that sportsmanship?"

"It was certainly sporting to watch how one's barrack was getting on." I protested.

"More especially when one's barrack was not playing. All they wanted was a little excitement."

"And I don't blame them here!"

"That is not the point. You said it was sportsmanship."

"I don't care what I said." I answered. I was getting tired of the subject. Unfortunately Phoebe was not.

"And will you tell me this?" she asked, "If Englishmen are as fond of games and exercise as they think they are, how is it that when they get out into the field with a football, they hardly ever get up a scratch game? No! What do they do? They put down a couple of coats, one man stands between them, a couple behind them and the rest range themselves in front of them so that they can all thus get a turn at kicking the ball. Without being put to the trouble of moving from their places, or having to struggle with another man for it, while the men behind save the man between the coats, who acts as target, the trouble of fetching it. Why don't they put down another couple of coats a little way off and get up a game? Because they don't care to play football; there is too much exercise



First Englishman to second Englishman. Those white screens are no use I have only seen them stop one ball!

involved. Sport! What do they care about sport? All they care about is a little excitement; whether it comes from two teams playing football, or from a clown balancing himself on his nose on a champagne bottle while a couple of white mice dance on his feet, does not matter. Exercise! How many people take exercise in this Camp? A stroll along the front with a cigarette or a pipe. That is their idea of exercise."

"But my dear Phoebe", I protested, while she paused for breath. "Think of all the people who play tennis and rounders!"

"And of all those who don't."

"And golf", I ended, firmly ignoring her interruption.

"Yes, golf!" she burst out a fresh. "What, I should like to know, is the proportion of people who play golf to those just putting between two holes about ten yards apart?"

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

"So you don't agree then!" I said, after a decent pause "That if you give an Englishman a ball to amuse himself with, he will be perfectly happy?"

"Not unless the ball is tied to a piece of string so that he can keep it close to him without any trouble."

T. G.



WE are pleased to note that there is no advance in the price of the Camp rag this week.

THE theatre is still closed, and the Camp is still alive and moderately cheerful. Perhaps this little pause will do something toward correcting our mental perspective, and we shall realise that our entertainments, thought occupying a very important place in our Camp life, are not an essential.

"A bird in the bouche is worth two outside the barbed wire" as the Belgian said when he saw the Michaelmas geese.

"THE Hunt is up! The Hunt is up!" as the madrigal-singer said as he carried his mattress to the Auswanderer Bahnhof.

MR. Masterman and Mr. Fachiri, as representing the two teams taking part in last week's cricket match Bar. 10 v. The Rest, ask us to express their thanks to the umpires, Messrs. boller and Butcher, for their three day's vigil. This we do with all the greater pleasure, having regard to "A Pair of Spectacles" remarks on the umpiring in our last issue; remarks which, by the way, we think were quite justified.

"IT flashed upon my sight", as the man remarked when the cricket ball hit him in the left eye.

THE last fortnight has seen the formation of a number of studying circles which should form a valuable addition to the educational opportunities of the Camp. Each member of these circles has to undertake to read a paper, and thus a certain amount of sound work by every one attending is assured. In Ruhleben, where there is a deplorable tendency to coquette with a number of subjects and really to study none, this is a welcome innovation.

THE circle which meets to consider the question of Social Problems has, we feel, already taken a great step in the direction of Reform by declining to have a committee.

WE wonder whether it has occurred to the Education Committee that a certain amount of space has become available in Bar. eleven, and that this might be utilised for purposes of private study.

ON Friday last Mr. Masterman made the announcement that he hoped to finish his course of lectures within the next fortnight and, despite the cold, proposed to deliver them on the Grand Stand as heretofore. He advised his hearers to muffle up well and make the best of the matter. To hear that Mr. Masterman's lectures are coming to an end so soon will be a matter of great regret to very many, and that lack of space should preclude us from hearing another course from him during the winter would seem a severe reflection on the organising ability of the Camp as a whole, having in view the ample accommodation provided for amusement of every description.

Mr. Masterman's lectures have, without doubt, been the most popular in the Camp, and the size of his audience has been no less extraordinary than the variety of its composition. Any talk of the "student section" which presupposes that the students are drawn from any one class in the Camp might be effectually checked, if those who cavil at the attempts of the Education Committee to secure more room would only take the trouble to glance at the audience attracted by Mr. Masterman.

IN exoneration of any lack of interest in the contents of this number, we beg to state that our editorial scissors have been deliberately STOLEN by the Captain's Office. — By the way, we are in a position to prove this!



"Solo"



Wenn ich noch länger hier verblei-be, lern ich gar's "English"!

THE new arrangement with regard to the popular concerts, viz., the institution of "entrance by programme price one penny" has given rise to a great deal of grumbling. We are asked to point out to the Camp that these Concerts cost money. The cost of printing, advertising and preparing the Hall amounts to thirty Marks each concert. In addition to this over four hundred marks have been spent in music, strings, new instruments, etc. This means that the expenses have altogether amounted to eight hundred marks.

Now we turn to the Camp's part. At the twelve concerts held in the open, and at which those attending were given the option of buying a programm or not as they pleased, the average Sales were six hundred, which makes a total income for the season of seven hundred and twenty marks.

On Sept. 7th a free concert was given in the Hall, the attendance amounting to over 600, and two hundred programms were sold, the takings thus amounting to twenty-one marks fifty pfennigs. The expenses on the other hand were twenty-eight marks.

Thus owing to the meanness — there is no other word for the refusal to buy a programm at the price of a morning paper — of the many, those few — those *very* few — who find it hard to stump up their Groschen must suffer. Grumblers please note!

ELSEWHERE we give details of the programme of the Eisteddfod to be held in November, and, by the way, our correspondent has kindly given us a definition of this word.

We hasten to add that the Eisteddfod has nothing to do with any of the numerous language circles. We have also been requested to state that the Welsh Society has nothing to do with the organisation, but cannot refrain from remarking, "so much the worse for the Welsh Society".

An Eisteddfod is exactly the thing which should succeed in a Camp like this, but it can only succeed if a really sporting spirit is adopted by the Camp as a whole.

We do appeal to all those who are able to compete in any of the sections not to allow mere slackness or fear of being beaten to deter them from entering. Any enquiries should be addressed to Mr. Davies, Bar. 22.

THE OPENING MATCH.

THE Football Season opened on Sunday to the delight of the vast majority of the Camp. Cricket may be the "noble old English pastime" and all sort of thing, but without doubt this is the football age; something short and strenuous, a buzz of excitement, and a chance to exercise the lungs is the demand made by the English crowd of to-day, and the Ruhleben crowd is no exception.

There was something in the faces of the men and the air and the whole place that was reminiscent of an English bank-holiday, a fresh, snug Sunlight-soap sort of feeling with everybody looking quite satisfied with the world and himself, but careful not to let his feelings get the better of his decorum.

The weather was ideal, the ground good and the crowd big, what more could the football enthusiast ask?

The teams, Cameron's and Bloomer's were as follows:

CAMERON'S XI.

Right

Nicoll

Lithgow Stewart

Brearley Rogans Ogden

Cameron (Capt.) Garden

Collinson Flack Hartmann

BLOOMER'S XI.

Left

Slade Burnhill Pentland

Perry Bloomer (Capt.)

Weiss Quinn Dugdale

Heath Owens

Palin

REFEREE: Mr. Warner. LINESMEN: Campbell & Astin

Rogans was put in at the last moment as a rather weak substitute for Wolstenholme, whose cold I hope is better.

Baron von Taube kicked off and things commenced with a bustle.

As an opening match played by men who had no practice it was quite good, though naturally here and there, especially toward the close of the first half, lack of wind caused a sort of lull in the play.

The result 5 — 2 in favour of Bloomer's team gives a fair idea of the strength of the respective elevens.

Unfortunately I have neither the time nor space to give a detailed report on the match, but must content myself with just a few comments.

The outstanding feature of the game was the defence put up by Lithgow and Stewart. With a pair such as Bloomer and Pentland against him, Stewart may be awarded the palm of the game.

Of the forwards, Bloomer and Pentland were naturally the men who took the brunt of the work and the latter's centering was a happy contrast to that of the other outside men on the field, all three of whom were far too inclined to fiddle around the corner flag before getting the ball over to the centre.

Hartman was good despite this failing, and it was his work which gave both Collinson and Burnhill their chance to score, and his side might have done a deal better had he been fed properly instead of all the passes being sent over to Collinson who was woefully inefficient and spent most of his time offside.

The veterans Brearly and Cameron both showed a mastery of the game, and the former displayed a wonderful vigour dodging all over the field and covering the men who should have been marked by Rogans, who was an absolute passenger throughout. Their other half Ogden played a very steady game. In the forward line Garden too was very much off his game and would hardly have been missed. Nicoll fully justified his inclusion as goal keeper in an exhibition team, though his policy of go for the ball and leave the goal to look after itself affords more excitement than safety. He brought off several remarkable saves, and who can blame the lad if he lets a couple through off that terrible old head of Bloomer's. He started keeping here in Ruhleben and has not learnt to hold it.

Of the other eleven, Palin was good in goal and little Owens jumped about like a good 'un. The half line was quite good but hung back too much, just as the opposing halves hung forward too much, and left Stewart to cuss them when he found Bloomer and Pentland bearing down on him. Slade has a lot of speed, and the shot which scored was a rattling good one. Burnhill worked hard at centre and was quite useful at times. Altogether it was a good match, much better than the opening games of last season, and given decent weather, we ought to see some really fine football on the course this year.

YOUNG BIRD.

ALL LEAGUE MATCHES WILL BE REPORTED BY US THROUGHOUT THE SEASON AND, IN ADDITION TO THE FORTNIGHTLY COMMENTARY BY YOUNG BIRD, WE HAVE ARRANGED FOR A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY F. B. PENTLAND.



By "Spintho" Illustrated by Robert Walker.

"LOOK here, why not have the beds three in a tier instead of this two and two arrangement?"

To the uninitiated there seems nothing very startling in the suggestion. Hundreds of other boxes in the Camp have adopted the three in a tier arrangement already so that I could not plead originality in favour of the idea the others could not plead any startling novelty against the idea, but nevertheless it took every ounce of will-power I possessed to make the proposal in the matter of fact way I did.

"Why?" asked Robinson.
"Why?" asked Brown.
"Why?" asked Cadbury.
"*WHY?*" asked Jones.
"*WHY?*" asked Smith.

There you have it! Box 30 Bar. 30 is Conservative. A stranger noting the reception accorded any proposal to change either the appearance of the box or the habits of the inmates thereof would depart under the impression that this time he had really been in touch with the old aristocracy of the place and were he of snobbish inclinations would casually mention in the course of conversation in the next box he visited, "Just been over to see some men in 30. Nice chaps — bit Conservative, but what can you expect seeing that their people came in here-with the Conqueror".

Between the dates of Nov. 6 and Nov. 12 the inhabitants

of Box 30 adopted a certain routine and any variation of that routine, be it imposed by the exigencies of the Camp industries, amateur theatricals, and listening to lectures, or be it imposed by still higher authorities, they resent it as an attempt to deprive them of what liberty still remains to them and an insinuation that they are not capable of ordering their own existence.



The boxes in this Camp may be divided into two classes: those that bet that we shall be Home before Xmas (I mean the inmates of the boxes bet, not the boxes themselves for though some of them hum they hardly go the length of talking) and those who back the opinion that Xmas 1919 will see us still soup-crawling.

Unfortunately, as I have pointed out already, Box 30 is essentially not "one of the crowd" and accordingly belongs to both classes or rather contains representatives of both.



Brown is an optimist and if you are not an optimist too he takes it as a personal insult, while Cadbury is a pessimist, and if you are not a pessimist too he is also inclined to take the same attitude that Brown adopts



"You talk as though we had settled here for a century!" — That was Brown of course.

"Yes, why change when everyone knows that we are starting Home tomorrow morning at six-fifteen?" Sarcasm I may say is Cadbury's usual method of opening the attack.

"Don't be an ass! We might as well make ourselves as comfortable as we can while we are here!" I expostulated.

"Rot! we're comfy enough as we are." This was a cowardly appeal to the conservative inherent in every Englishman (vide Mr. Masterman's last lecture) and rampant in the members of Box 30.

There was a chorous of grunts indicative that we were comfy enough as we were.

"Have you seen this morning's paper? Not the war reports but the page that really matters — the Handelszeitung?"

I groaned and, be it said to their credit, Jones and Smith groaned too. Brown invariably opens the daily debate on the Ruhleben topic with these words. The only variation is that it is sometimes "Monday's" paper or "yesterday's" instead of "to-day's".

"It isn't men or ammunition that is going to win this war it's money! I tell you the world's money market won't stand this sort of thing much longer, and yet you chaps talk as though we were here till Lord knows when!" and Brown gave a half sniff, half cough indicative of supreme comtempt for our intellectual faculties.

It is curious that both Brown and Cadbury in the heat of their arguments always reproach the rest of us with siding with the other.

"My dear Chap, do you suppose that generals — or governments for that mater — will worry about the money market? After all, what is your blessed money market but a purely artificial affair set up by the wrangling of a lot of stock brokers? No, my boy, this is a war-and-damn-the-consequences war, so you needn't tell us your old tale of the handelszeitung. We've had that argument a hundred times before (Hear, hear! from Smith) and we've squashed it a hundred times. Why, the first week we were here you told us that the war couldn't last six months owing to your wretched money market, and how long have we been in this old compound? By the way, where is that copy of Norman Angel you used to flourish under our noses and read us chunks of? His theories sounded all very well, but where are they now? I suppose he regards this war as a dirty trick put up by the rest of Europe to undermine his position, just as you seem to think that the Russian retreat was a put-up job between the Russian general and me to answer your arguments eh?"



"But why waste time discussing the possibilities of getting Home? We're here, we can't help it, and we've no earthly idea how long we are going to stop here. The best thing is to make the best of a bad job and jog along as comfortably as we can. You won't find out when we are going Home by talking of it, so why go on jawing?" But I was pleading to deaf ears.

"Oh yes, we all know that you're having the time of your life here. Stick you down anywhere where you can gas about the Arts and Science Union and addle your brain by learning half a dozen languages at once and you'd be quite happy. You don't care whether you ever get back to England or not, do you?"

This was Brown, and Cadbury immediately joined forces with him against me — that is the way in our box!

"Of course, you mustn't forget that we chaps take some interest in the war. Naturally to you, who don't care a damn

who wins, conversations on the war and RELEASE (This is how they always say it in our box) may be boring, but to us, who have people in England and don't propose to spend the rest of out lives gallivanting about the world God knows where, the outcome of this war and getting back to England is rather important."

He spoke in a sweet, reasoning way, which he thought terrifically crushing, but I am used to it. After all, I find on enquiry, that Box 30 is, in this matter, no exception, for throughout the Camp the man who refuses to talk WAR and RELEASE for more than three hours a day — the average Ruhlebenite devotes a round seven and three-quarter hours to them daily — is immediately branded as a dispicable individual with no love for his native land, an Ishmael without kith and kin, and all the more in that he dares to call himself independent, where the rest of the Camp would call him cast-out. I hasten to add, that I am exceedingly fond of my native land, and that there is an exceedingly good-looking young person on the far side of the Channel, whose interest in "RELEASE FROM RUHLEBEN" equals that of any one here, and this on my account. I would also like to state, that I do not intend to go gallivanting round the world for the rest of my life: indeed, on the other hand, I have in my mind's eye a very dainty thing in flats out Wimbledon way, which will afford a haven for me and mine, pending a removal in the direction of Park Lane. But, despite my flawless relations and my flawless intentions, I am damned in the eyes of my fellow Ruhlebenitis, and particularly in those of my box companions for the simple reason that I have decided that to talk WAR and RELEASE is a waste of time, and that, if while here I can learn Spanish and Russian, and so do Wrench out of the job we are both working for at home, I cannot do better than exercise my time and energies in that direction.





During my stay here, I have evolved a little Ruhleben Philosophy. which I may get the Editor to to publish later on, (Oh! — Ed.) but the main conclusion I have arrived at is, that the most practical man in Ruhleben is Hatfield, (I thought *everyone* knew Hatfield is Secretary of the A. & S.U.) who trots around, immersed in his own affairs and studies, and when accosted one day, "Well, what d'you think of the War?" regarded his interlocutor with a puzzled expression, and, finally, running his hand

through his hair in the characteristic manner the Camp knows so well, demanded, "War? What War?"

Think of the splendid awakening he will have the day the fire-bell clangs, and we are told „die Sachen einzupacken". I dreamt last night that I had arrived at a like happy state. I was immersed in a conversation with a Russian professor, who was asking my opinion on the style of various Russian classics, when "Clang! clang! clang!" went the fire-bell, and in ten minutes we were back in England — that is what they call "dream-travelling" — and I was talking to the afore-mentioned young person, and then in another ten minutes I was back at the office talking Spanish to the Chief and translating an involved section of the Russian contract law, and then ten minutes later I was walking with the afore-mentioned young person into the afore-mentioned little flat and then — I woke up.



"Cadbury, will you come out with me for a minute?"

I asked him in a pleasant ingratiating mannner and Cadbury came; apparently labouring under the delusion that I was about to lead him to the sausage stall in Bond Street. Instead I conducted him to Box 21 where they have the three-beds-in-a-tier arrangement, and being a spoofy crowd have also indulged in curtains, table-cloths and what nots. It certainly did look comfy, even Cadbury admitted that. We stayed and partook of a cup of cocoa and milk served in real porcelain cups and saucers and then returned to our own box.



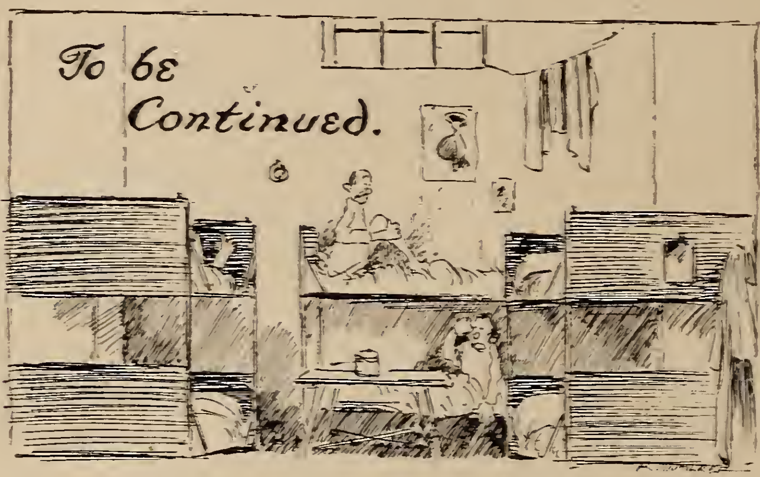
"Now Brown, answer me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" — and I adopted my best magesterial air — "do you or do you not expect to be outside that wire netting within the next six weeks. Now really, in your heart of hearts, your inmost soul, do you feel at all sure of it?"

Brown looked hurt, his gaze dropped, and altogether he had the air of a puppy which has been caught with one of the Saturday chops in its mouth. I kept a stern eye upon him however and he mumbled "Well perhaps not in six weeks". He put an intonation on "six" such as would convey the idea that he had received information "von vertrauter Seite" that the *seventh* week would however see the final fire-bell.

"Now Cadbury" — and my tone was a triumphant one — "don't you think it is worth while to change the beds for six weeks?"

"More likely six years", said Cadbury and as he carried the other two with him that is how I managed to wangle the

change of beds in Box 30 and, incidentally, to collar the top bed which gets enough light from the corridor to enable me to swot my Russian in the evenings.



SCHOOL CHANTS

No. 6. MR. BODIN.

Being a lecture on the Grand Stand and reported by our tame poet.

"BACK to the land
Our fathers sowed in
THAT is the Life," said
Mr. Bodin.

"Ancient Britons
Stained with woad, in
Place of clothes" said
Mr. Bodin,

"Never worried,
They abode in
Caves and holes" said
Mr. Bodin.

"To Philoso —
Phise" so showed in
Honeyed accents
Mr. Bodin,

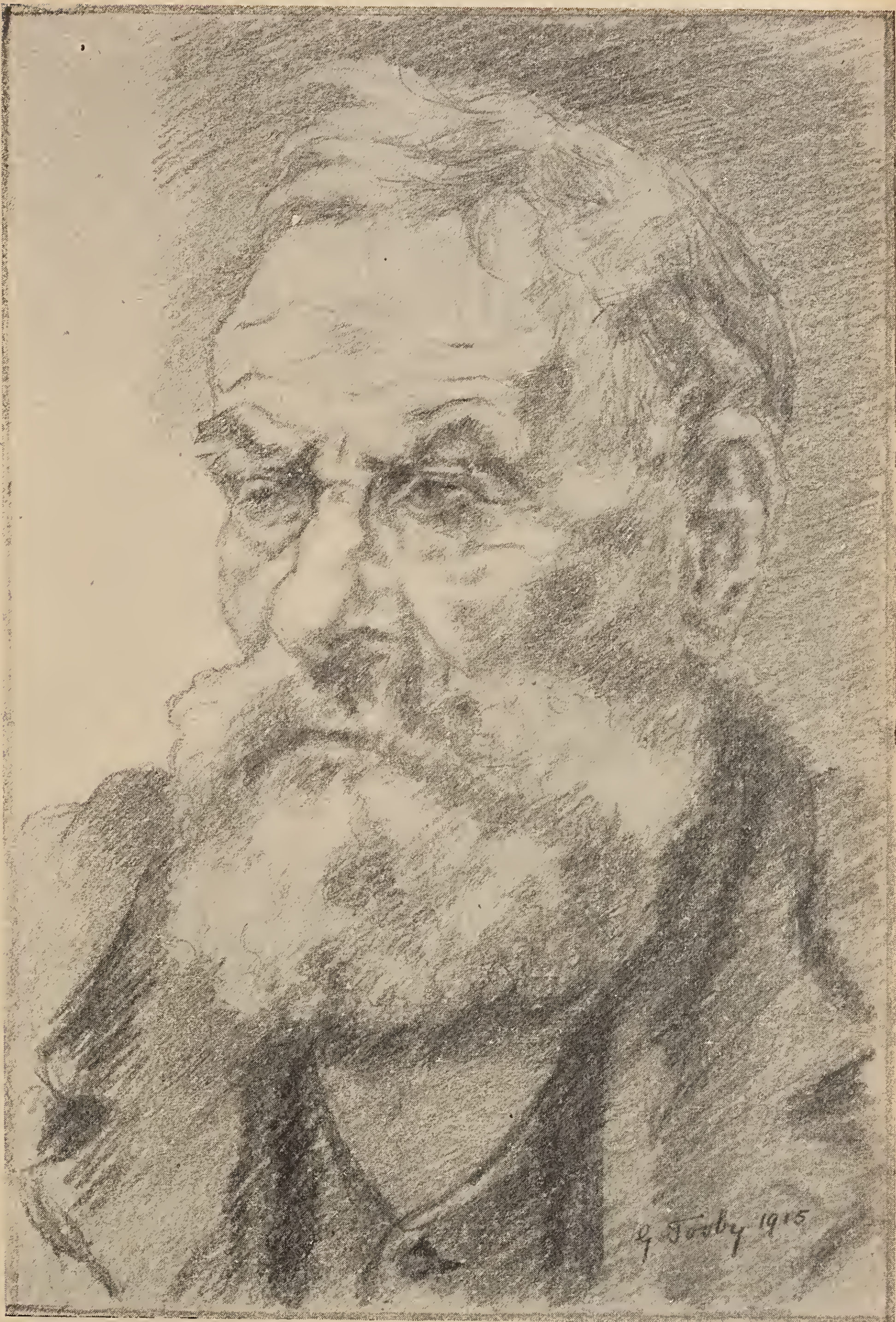
"There is need of
Quiet and no din,
Otherwise —" said
Mr. Bodin,

"Thoughts will wander
From the road in
Other paths" said
Mr. Bodin.

"Follow, then, the
Tracks they trode in,
(Britons viz.)" said
Mr. Bodin.

— — — — — —

Oh, would that I
Could write an ode in
Which to praise thee,
Mr. Bodin!


1915

RUHLEBEN SCHOOL CHANTS

No. 5. CAPT. HENRIKSEN.

After Longfellow — a long way after.

HEARKEN to me! I will tell you
Of the noble son of Henrik.
He who served upon committees,
Weary, wearing, wan committees
From the time that breakfast ended
Till the pleasant hour of basins,
Basins that proclaimed the dinner.

Very patient too was Henrik
With the youth who flocked to hear him,
Hear him tell of navigation
On the bitter great sea water,
By the guidance of a compass,
Compass, which was so constructed
That t'was few indeed could read it.
So he taught the young apprentice
How to read, mark, learn, and box it.

White and shining was our hero
In his pantaloons of white duck,
Gleaming so that none could vie with
Him in whiteness of apparel.
It was whispered in the village,
That the coons of number thirteen
Used per day three pounds of "Sunlight"
On the pantaloons and jacket
Of the shining son of Henrik.

Henrik had a penny note book,
Filled with screeds and curious figures,
Figures of the School attendance
At the lectures in the Grand Stand.
And the people of the village
Praised his works, and deeds, and vigour,
Saying he should have a medal,
Gold and silver shining medal
In the Land of the Hereafter
On the shining shores of Britain.



THE MATCH OF THE SEASON

BARRACK 10 v. THE REST



FROM a sporting aspect few events will leave such a pleasant recollection of the season's cricket as the final match when the League champions, i. e. Bar. 10, played the Camp. It was decided that the match should be played to a finish, but few of the camp prophets would have "tipped" a four days' match. At no time did the interest flag, and literally up to the last hour's play it was anybody's game; then, however, a quick fall of wickets occurred, and gave 10 their well-deserved win by 164 runs. The Camp showed its interest by forming a record attendance each day, and they were well rewarded. The honours of the match rest with L. G. Crosland, who must be heartily congratulated on his two magnificent innings of 129 in the first innings, and 202 in the second. His batting throughout was of a most spirited character, and if not entirely faultless, was still a magnificent piece of play. With the exception of a brilliantly hit 52 and 66 from "Steve", no particularly high figures were reached by the Camp, but Johnson, with 43 and 51, fought a fine fight for his team, and the champions could certainly congratulate themselves when he was dismissed. Mr. Masterman is to be congratulated as much as the team on the victory, as much was due to the careful placing of his field, and the judicious handling of his bowlers. Messrs. Fachiri and Gudgeon put up a hard fight for the Camp, but they seemed a little handicapped by the lack of fast bowlers. However, taking both teams, it would be hard to find two better in the camp, and all the more credit is due to Bar. 10 for their victory.

The following records were created by Crosland, and I hope I can safely promise him that they will never be beaten by an English team at Ruhleben. 1. Biggest score for 1 wicket, 110. 2. First double century. 3. First century in each innings. 4. Highest score made on the ground.

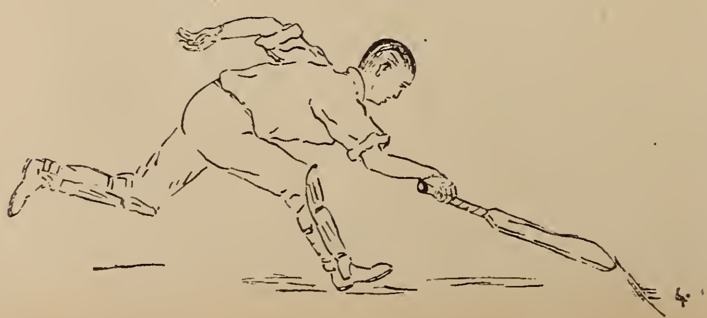
SCORES.

BARRACK 10.

	First Innings			Second Innings		
Harrison	c. Johnson	b. Bloomer	13	c. Haines	b. Brearly	34
Crosland		b. Bloomer	129	c. Ponsonby	b. Hartmann	202
Roupell	c. Haines	b. Bloomer	79	c. and	b. Bardsley	1
Masterman	c. Bardsley	b. Bloomer	40		b. Bardsley	7
Steadman	c. Johnson	b. Haines	7		b. Hartmann	28
Belmont		b. Haines	4		b. Hartmann	5
Anderson	c. Ponsonby	b. Haines	4	c. Bloomer	b. Hartmann	12
Dodd		b. Bloomer	7		b. Hartmann	15
Pentland		b. Bloomer	16	c. Hartmann	b. Hartmann	19
Gilbert	not out		12	not out		5
McGill	c. Brearley	b. Bloomer	2		b. Bardsley	4
		Extras	19		Extras	9
			332			341

THE CAMP.

Hartmann (12)	c. Masterman	b. Belmont	47	c. Harrison	b. Belmont	7
Gudgeon (3)	c. McGill	b. Belmont	23		b. Belmont	10
Haines (13)		b. McGill	13	c. Dodd	b. Gilbert	0
McNaught (6)	c. Crosland	b. McGill	0	c. and	b. Gilbert	39
Ponsonby (3)		b. Belmont	0		b. Belmont	48
Steve Bloomer(11)	c. Perry	b. Masterman	66	c. Dodd	b. Steadman	52
Fachiri (7)	c. Masterman	b. Belmont	2	run out		19
Johnson (8)	c. Roupell	b. Belmont	51	c. Crosland	b. Gilbert	43
Haynes (11)		b. Belmont	6		b. Belmont	25
Brearley (4)	c. Harrison	b. McGill	14		b. Gilbert	0
Bardsley (5)	not out		2	not out		4
		Extras	19		Extras	17
			243			266





Barrack 10. v. The Camp.
Sept: 22 – 25. 1915

As seen from the boundary.

THE EISTEDDFOD.

NO, you're wrong, it is'nt Russian, it's Welsh. An Eisteddfod is a place where they hold singing and band competitions, or if it isn't the place, then it's the Competitions themselves that go by that name. At all events, if you get five fruity tenors to warble "Alice, where art thou", one after the other, and several basses to sing "Down among the Dead Men" in the same fashion, and then several small children to play "The Battle of Prague" on the piano, and then after that some male voice choirs, composed of very sad-looking, earnest people, to sing "Comrades in arms", and finally all the choirs accompanied by all the bands to give a collossal rendering of "Cymru an Beth", — if you are not certain of of the spelling of this, ask Mr. Davies in Bar. 21 — and in addition to all this, you have a conductor who criticises all the pieces and explains how the one singer sang "a" when he ought to have given "o", or how Charlie ought to practise his scales a little more before tackling Mendelssohn (It was Mendelssohn who wrote "The Battle of Prague, was'nt it?) and makes funny remarks — that's an Eisteddfod. But above all, the conductor a circus with a dull clown.

We have attended several Eisteddfods, and can promise the Camp great sport, if only the Camp in its turn will not be slack in competing. All sorts and conditions of men, with all sorts and conditions of taste, are catered for, and we may look forward to the revelation of a lot of new and unsuspected talent. So far the Camp has been by no means thoroughly ransacked for singers, but with competitions for Barrack Choirs, Quartettes, and Solos, a lot of new people ought to come to the fore and so enrich for us our programme of music for the winter.

The main items are competitions for choirs of twenty men, all to be members of the same barrack. Other are for vocal Quartette, a tenor, bass or baritone solo, a string Quartette, cello solo, pianoforte solo, wind instrumet solo, and last, but by no means the least interesting, one for Conductors, who will have to conduct the Camp Orchestra through an unrehearsed piece.

The Drama and elocution section is, we believe, longer than is usual at such Festivals, and we must say, the programme looks very longwinded. However, with the supply of dramatic talent present in the Camp, we may pull through.

The "oratory" department — a competition for the best speech, of not more than ten minutes, on "Responsibility", and another dose of ten minutes on a subject to be chosen on the spot, should give the leading lights of the Debatting Society

a chance. To satisfy the polyglot element, among us, there is a Competition for the recitation of a short poen in Italian, Spanish, German, French, Russian, or Welsh. And what has Mr. Pogson done to offend the Eisteddfod Committee that Chinese should be left out of the reckoning? And why not include Billingsgate?

But it is naturally the literary section that interests us most, and as the winning Essays, poems, etc. can hardly be read aloud at the meeting, we offer our pages to Mr. Cohen, who is in charge of this section, for their publication. We are sorry we did not hear that "Six in a Box" was one of the subjects for the Competition Essay before our Mr. Spintho started his series, but the Eisteddfodists will understand that these articles were written long before their programme was handed on to us, and that there was nothing in the way of stealing a march on them in the matter.

At all events, we hope that these competitions will give an impetus to the latent authors in the Camp, and so remove the necessity for the awful hunt for contributors that has been the chief factor in making our Editor's hair stand on end.

In addition to the musical, dramatic, and literary sections, there will also be a Fine and Applied Arts section, which includes painting, sketching, designing, book-binding, costume designing, and furniture designing.

The programme closes with a miscellaneous section, which is headed by a competition for the darning of a woolen sock (The Editor of "In Ruhleben Camp" has kindly offered to provide the socks), and another for putting a patch on a piece of provided material, hemming same, and sewing on two buttons.

The rope-splicing and knot-tying competitions should interest our sailor friends.

Altogether the Eisteddfod should afford the Camp a lot of genuine pleasure, not a small amount of which should fall to the lot of the competitors themselves.

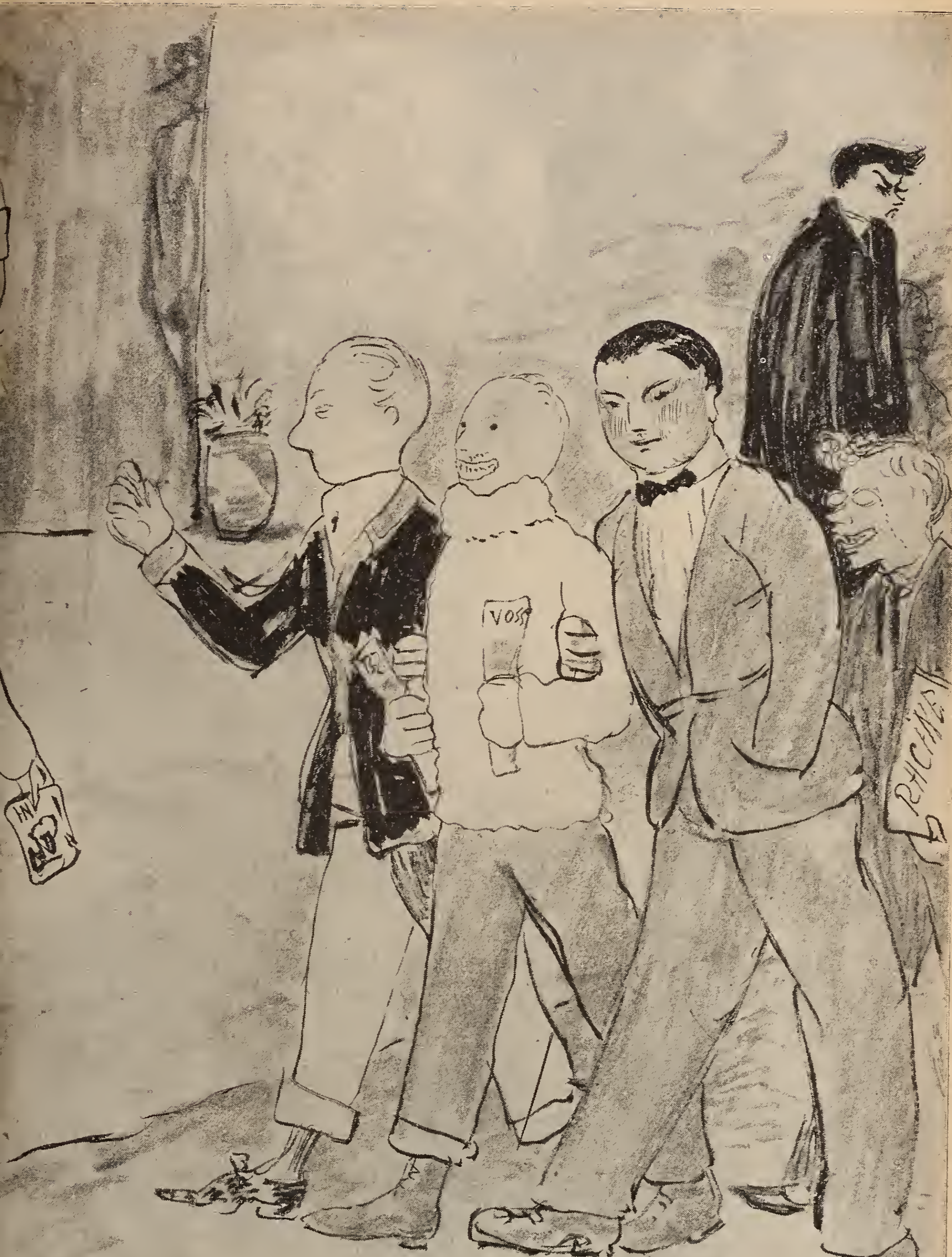
LIBELLOUS LIMERICKS.

THE name of a local celebrity is required to complete each verse. We offer enormous prizes for correct solutions!

No. 3. When a ball smites that "keen fielder" — —
On his sensitive "sausage-consumer",
Though his keen fielding daze is,
There are heard "feeling phrases",
And the "D's" that drop out, — well, its — —

(Continued on page 28.)


IBSE
SHAW
EDV.



"Some unimportant personalities of Paris - by an amateur."

OMAR KHAYYAM AT RUHLEBEN.

Wake! For the Glories of the Rising Sun
Remind us of another Day begun.
There is the old routine to live again,
The weary round before the Day is done.

Hark how the cock crows, welcoming the day!
Arise my Little Ones to work or play;
And cheat the ultimate Design of Fate;
And pass the all too slothfull Hours away!

Lo! Those who lived to heap the Golden Grain
And those whose Aim was similar, but vain —
Well, here they are, just like the rest of us
And, like us also, here they must remain.

For here and there, above, below, about,
Though you may look for means of getting out,
'Tis Labour vain and ill-repaid, as some
In Stadtvogtei would prove to you, no doubt.

Though two there were who set their hearts upon
Deliverance, and ever and anon
Pondered profoundly: and the Place they knew
And which knew them, is there! — but they are gone!

A wondrous, motley crowd are we, and queer,
Made more so, possibly, in the long year
Of tedious Trivialities and Talk,
Sans Wine, sans Cash, sans Women and sans Beer!

But of the sum the Government doth lend
Which recklessly or thriftily we spend,
Fate may contrive to build us greater debts!
So laugh at Fate and clutch the Cash my Friend!

And to and fro if you will come with me
Full many a quite card-game you will see,
Played in a Box where Candles shed the light,
Round which the Figures play and disagree.

A Moving Finger wrote, and having writ
Moved on; nor could we change a word of it
Fate brought us from the corners of the Land
With stubborn Hands of Steel, and here we sit!

Oh! Plagued no more with Rumours of Release,
Come where the Babble and the Tumult cease,
To that secluded Spot we know so well
Where we can smoke and meditate in Peace.

Come, fill your Pipe! What boots it to lament;
And fill with sighs the Spacious Firmament?
Anticipation aggravates the ill.
To-morrow comes not till To-day is spent!

Alike for Those who dwell within the Past,
And those who after unknown Morrows cast,
The Time is Now, — to pass it as we may,
Until Deliverance shall come at Last!

A (Translated from the Original by S. E. J.)

CAMP COMMENTS ON RUHLEBEN RIDDLES.

IN the Camp School the languages are now divided up into standards. If the Originators of the scheme hope by this means to get a standard pronunciation, we are afraid that they are doomed to disappointment.

THE kitchen authorities are especially proud of their meat safe. They have reason to be. There is no doubt of its ability to keep the meat safe.

WHICH reminds us that the plan for a central cooking range has fallen through. The objection to the hot water boilers as a cooking range is of course that the ashes will fall through.

THE Master Builder still persists in remaining invisible. There seems to be something almost uncanny in a Master Builder taking so unkindly to boards.

HE would hardly do for this camp, where most of us enjoy free lodging in boards, free board, and are bored.

SOME people even insinuate that our board is partly of board. But they can't make much of a case out of it.

IN fact their case won't hold water.

PROF. PATCHETT declares Faust to be one of the greatest masterpieces in the world. If this is really the case, why his Series of lectures endeavouring to "Patch — ett".

MANY people looked with doubtful eye on the zigzag runs some of our bowlers took. They were quite straight however. In other words there was nothing crooked about them.

A lot of complaints have been made as to the number of no-balls sent down at our county cricket matches unheeded by the umpire. Certainly no bawl came from these gentlemen while we were out in the field.

THE School Committee are absurdly pround of the fact that one of their pupils, after a three weeks attendance, has cut wisdom tooth.

PRIVATE! FOR R.D.S. MEMBERS ONLY.

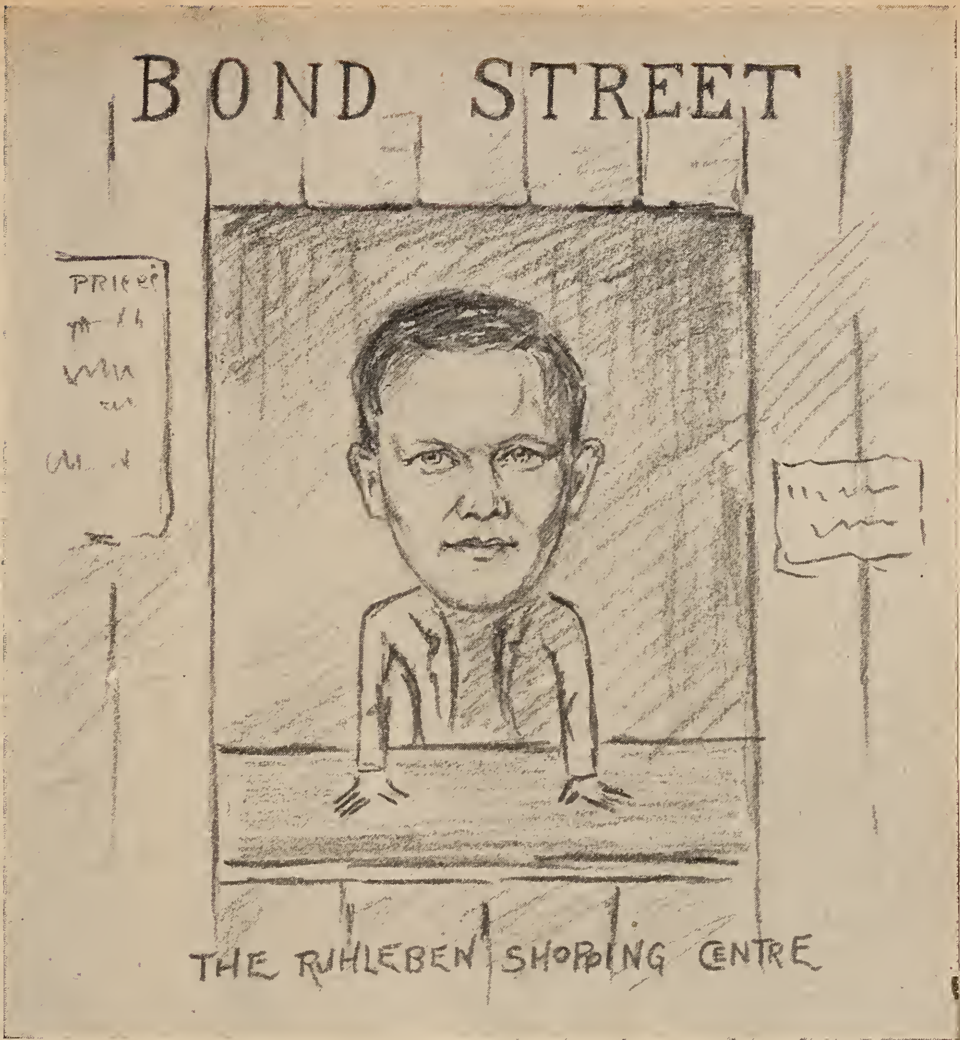
MY DEAR EARNEST.

I've just had a most dramatic evening, SO intellectual and so stuffy. You know of course the newly decorated installation of the R.D.S., so artistic and cosy with the creepers hanging over the window ledges — the bay-window ledges, I mean —. It was all quite *intime* and unpretentions, the hall was pitch dark, just a portable flash light, you know, that lit up the old familiar faces. The suspense, as we waited for the entertainment provided for us by that excellent play-wright and manager Kapp: — after all it is almost as good as being a poet and novelist and dramatist — the suspense, — excuse my periods — was DELIGHTFUL. Our hopes were exceeded by the delicious and delicate — as Mr. Leigh Henry would have surely called it — curtain raiser. Just a *soupçon* of vulg — *"pérvérsité"*, I mean — a touch of garlic in the salad, not more. And the plot too, SO novel, SO simple! Our great national comédienne quite surpassed herself, never have I seen her look more winningly girlish as after she cast off her wig and going away confection. That she was married to our other actress who looked exceedingly manly in her disguise was quite a delightful touch. The *insouciant* ripples of laughter changed to more sardonic smiles during the fancy dress reading of Bernard Shaw's "Dark Lady of the Sonnets". The effect of the coffee I absorbed previously at the Corner House (that excellent Mr. Schneider) rather muddled my impressions — I had an idea that a bishop and his wife were discussing the possibilities of getting a new maid — rather a dangerous character, it seemed to me. But the tinned Beef-Eater was impressive — that is what they would have looked like under our régime, I am sure. A bouquet for Pender, please, *manibus o date lilia plenis*, for his and Kapp's combined effort to afford us a glimpse of unfamiliar Japan. Forgive, Oh, shades of sweet Lafcadis Hearn — this must happen in a land of all-round genius. Mr. Hatfield really aroused a sensation as the ruthless uncle diguised, doubtless on account of the husband, as an Indian squaw. West too was SO natural as a child of the East. — Words fail me, paper too.

Yours in the spirit.

JACK.

No. 4. If to you that squib — — (yes, —)
In unkempt, polysyllabic gleigh,
Should discourse on the sub-
Conscious rhythm of a tub,
Though you're lost, yet cheer up; So is heigh!



IT would be interesting to hear the opinion of a variety of people on the question, "What makes life in Ruhleben bearable?". How many would give a correct answer? Many would say, our manifold interests, such as sports, theatricals, or education; others would reply, that it is only the advent of the morning and evening papers giving us a shadowy idea of the great events progressing outside; while yet another group would assure us, that it is only the hope and everlasting expectancy of release that keeps them from the brink of a nervous collapse.

Upon sitting down and thinking the matter over, however, there seems only one reply which will apply to all sections of the Camp, viz., Bond Street. Our shopping centre is undoubtedly our greatest asset from the point of view both of health and interest. There may be a few — for there are exceptions to every rule in Ruhleben — who might declare, that without our Bond Street life would be worth living, but they would be very few and far between.

Another writer in this magazine referred to the Camp School as an excellent advertisement for the energy and resourcefulness of the Englishman, and in Bond Street we have just such another. Here in Ruhleben we take everything very much as we find it, and that is the inevitable outcome of the kind of life we lead here; but consider what would be the opinion of a man who visited us last winter, when we had that one little Canteen, and a dry-goods store, at which one could buy trousers and marmalade and perhaps half-a-dozen other articles, and then paid us another visit to-day. Only those who have been privileged to peep behind the scenes can estimate the care and forethought that have been expended on our shopping centre at its true worth.

Our Camp shops have one advantage over those in the world outside, and that is, that they do not need to, indeed must not, push new goods. A shop-keeper outside is shown an attractive article by the traveller, and he speculates with it, and puts all his energy into creating a demand for that article, and leaves the "steady sellers" to look after themselves.

Here in Ruhleben, however, the public must have demanded an article before it is entered upon the list of goods kept in stock. But, though our shop-keepers have this one advantage over their confreres outside, how many disadvantages do they have to labour under! Sometimes the Camp is apt to forget important facts: 1. That we are in a Concentration Camp: 2. That this is war-time, and that prices are fluctuating from time to time as a consequence: 3. That we are in Germany, and that such things as English tobacco are not to be had just outside the gate.

At present we have ten departments which carry a stock, each of which is placed in charge of a Manager who is responsible for stock-taking, and the Cash Account. Small as our Ruhleben stocks are in comparison to those held by the big stores outside, yet they have to be subjected to exactly the same checking and consideration.

In the food canteen, for instance, stock is taken daily, and in the dry-goods store fortnightly. The new stuff required is handed in to the stores office, where Mr. Delahay Jones, (better known as Mr. Canteen Jones), who is the responsible head of the stores in general, checks same, and hand out the order to the military authorities. On receipt of the new goods, stock has to be taken, and the lists compared with the invoices.

The scale of prices is issued from the Stores Office, but this scale is subject to the approval of the Stores Committee, the names of the members of which were given in our last number. In fixing prices, only running expenses are taken into consideration: Bond Street as a whole is run, not at a profit,

(Continued on page 32.)



MR. "CANTEEN" JONES



but on the other hand, at a very considerable loss. Should a profit have accrued to any particular department, then such profit is devoted solely to the reduction of food prices. Every care is taken to keep the prices at the very lowest figure possible. The prices at present charged at the Pond Stores cover exactly the cost of articles, no margin being left for running expenses. In the Food Canteen most — not SOME, but MOST — of the articles are sold below cost. In the other departments a small profit is made, usually 5%, but this amount is totally inadequate to defray the loss on the food canteen. The way in which such losses are covered was explained in No. 7 of this magazine in the Finance Committees Report, which read as follows:—

"The amount of Mk. 29,091.81 appearing in the Surplus Profits, &c. Account represents the total derived from donations, library fines, proceeds of concerts up to the formaiton of the Entertainments Committee, and profits arising from Canteens, Dry Stores, Boiler-House, &c. from November 6th. 1914 to 30th. June last.

Up to a recent date it was believed that the money to pay running expenses of the Camp would have to be raised by profits made upon the sale of goods, but recently an assurance was received that all necessary funds for this purpose would be supplied by the American Embassy. It was therefore decided to apply the above mentioned surplus to reducing the selling price of the most essential articles of food, (such as butter, cheese, eggs, vegetables, &c.) and these have for some weeks

past been on sale at prices very considerably under those at which they can be purchased outside the Camp. It is hoped that this practice can be continued for some months to come — possibly till the end of the year."

It is no light task to cater for a clientèle of 4000, and it must be remembered tha all ourt shop-keepers are absolute amateurs. It is interesting to note some of the figures for the week ending Aug. 31st. — in no way an exceptional one, by the way. During the eight days, 2102 lbs. of butter, 815 lbs. of margarine, 805 lbs. of cheese, 162 lbs. of sausage. 418 lbs. of ham, 2300 tins of condensed milk, 3286 lbs. of sugar, 25 138 eggs, 119 lbs. of bacon, and 120 lbs. of salt.

From these it will appear that the Camp has decidedly a sweet tooth. That we should average ½ lb. of butter a week each was to be expected, but that we should each tackle half a tin of condensed milk is somewhat surprising. Mayhap, when we are back in Town, we shall be able to recognise an old Ruhlebenite by his dropping in at the "Bull and Bear" and demanding "Half a pint of milk, neat, Miss, please!"

For the winter, arrangements have been made to sell hot drinks and sausages at the bar in Bond Street and also on the sports' ground. "Hello, Bill, how's things? Any news?" Oh, all right, thanks, nothing special". "Well, come and split a sausage and coffee with me!" — But it's a poor substitute for a cold winter's morning. So much for the office arrangements.



Having finished with Mr. Jones, I dropped in at the Dry Stores to see Mr. Kaffir Smith and his colleagues. The best description of the Dry-Stores one can give is "a rabbit hutch trying to look like Selfridge's". On Aug. 31st. for instance, there were 143 different kinds of articles in stock, and the ingenuity shown by the "shop-keepers" in stowing them away, is only equalled by the ingenuity in finding them again, once they have been stowed away.

Mr. H. O. Smith is of course Ruhleben's original general dealer, and Mr. A. Barrott has been his faithful assistant since the very beginning. These two gentlemen, with Mr. Christie's assistance, look after the Dry Store, and it may surprise the Camp to hear that this means putting in a regular "seven hours' day". The history of the stores is not a long one. The start was made in the Grand Stand, and then a move was made to be place, now used as part of the parcels' Office. What memories of long queues in the snow and sleet for English tobacco this recalls to one, and those exciting days when English Marmalade came in! Then the Relief Department was opened as a separate concern under the charge of Captain Hammond, and next Lobster — we beg his — Mr. Davison, — opened his outfitting stores next to the Sports' Shop. On July 18th. a move was made to the centre of the Camp — to Bond Street, as the Camp rag christened it. A glance at the sales returns of the Dry Stores leads one to suppose that we are a community with a taste for light and cleanliness. The record "seller" is the electric battery, of which some eight hundred odd are disposed of within a week, while the runner-up is Sunlight soap, of which the Camp consumes over five hundred bars a week. (Thanks to Capt. Hendriksen, our tame poet suggests). By the way, Sunlight is sold at a loss on every bar. With the studious crowd we have here, a sale of five hundred note Books is hardly surprising; nor perhaps will a generous output of brilliantine surprise the reader, but why a thousand sheets of brown paper per week? What dark secret have the Ruhlebenites that they should need so much wrapping-up material? — and it does not go the Captains' office either. Spring-cleaning is in the air, and the Camp has seized upon brown paper and drawing pins as the greatest asset in the direction of comfort and privacy in the box or loft, that is all the explanation.

The spirit of hospitality is evidently not dead among us, for Mr. Smith says that he has sold sufficient knives and forks and plates etc. to fit out four camps. Dinner parties or tea parties are the obvious explanation. It is strange that "brekker" parties have not achieved a greater vogue here than they have.



The demand for insect powder is falling off, and frying pans are being sold in ever increasing quantity, two very cheering items!

The tobacco Store is run by Mr. A. Tinley, and here again the Camp does not realise the difficulties to be contended with. Anyhow, that "Old Monk" they got in last week was top-hole. By the way — it isn't really "by the way" — it is very important, but how else can one introduce another topic? — English tobacco is never reserved, n e v e r.

When a move was made to Bond Street, commencement was made with special orders, which was taken at the Dry Stores' window. Now we have a Special Order Department, and it is well that the Camp should take notice that all orders, irrespective of kind, for articles not in stock at any of the stores, must go through this department. Quite a number of people in the Camp still attempt to send such orders by means of private or business letters, and these are returned daily by the military censors to the Stores' Office. Mr. Dootson, who is in charge of this department, is having a busy time just now, a fever of decoration having seized the Camp; and curtains and all kinds of furbelews for the boxes are in great demand. The largest business done by this department is in beds and mattresses, which unfortunately cannot be kept in stock owing to lack of space. B.

(The other shops in Bond Street will be dealt with in another article in our next issue).

Have you contributed

to

The Ruhleben Bed!

NEWS!



But yesterday we seemed to be
Interned for all eternity,
And now — hope lights up every face,
Men walk about with quickened pace.

In every breeze we seem to hear
The cannon's roar, familiar cheer:
Oh! Look, those are not clouds up there,
'Tis smoke and dust infects the air.

My love, I hear your voice so near,
I see your lovely form so clear;
I feel, I feel the time is nigh
When in my arms embraced you'll lie.

That day, that scene you will forgive
Must we apart for ever live?
No, no, when nations all make peace
Then too my punishment shall cease.

Vain hopes . . . . . .
And all because the papers say
Our new offensive's underway.

M. H.

FOOTBALL PARAGRAPHS.

WE have received the following communication from the Football Association "In reference to the teams nominated by the readers of your paper, we regret that we cannot accept their choice, as in our opinion the selection does not represent the real views of the Camp on this matter."

* * *

THE history of this matter is as follows; a few enthusiasts selected two teams for the game England v. The Rest, and had the names jellyographed. They then canvassed certain barracks und thus secured a majority of votes. The F. A. has no justification whatever for not keeping its word, for we were given a guarantee that the teams chosen by our readers should be played.

* * *

H. B. Pentland has moved from Bar. 10 to Bar. 11. From a football point of view we welcome Mr. Pentland's change of quarters, as it will undoubtedly help to level up the teams, and so the sport should benefit.

* * *

WE offered to the Football Association to provide a trophy to be awarded to the player who in the opinion of their committee had put up the best performance of the fortnight. The trophy, we may state at the outset, is of no intrinsic value, and will take the form of an ordinary Ruhleben coffee mug suitably engraved. Nevertheless, any true sportsman will be glad to have such a souvenir, and we hope that it will be accepted in the true spirit of amateurism in which it is offered.

* * *

WITH regard to the above the F. A. informs us: At a meeting of the F. A. held on Sept 30th. it was decided to accept the offer of the Camp magazine to provide a football trophy. It was, however, thought advisable to award the trophy to the team and not to the individual player, the latter course offering too great a difficulty as regards decision. With the approval of the magazine, the F. A. will leave the team themselves to ballot or to decide in any way they like as to the individual player who has contributed most to the winning of the trophy, and thus deserves to have the holding thereof. Naturally we have agreed to this.

* * *

THE two Mills are not going over to Bar. 2, as onnounced in our last issue.

* * *

THE public are requested to refrain from walking on the football pitches.

* * *

THE F. A. beg to extend their hearty thanks to the cricket and tennis people for the help both as regards material and labour which they have afforded them in the preparation of the grounds.

* * *

THE F. A. has been allotted a small office next to Dutton's Stores, but from 9—10 a. m. and 2—3 p. m. daily, it will be placed at the disposal of the Rugby and Hockey Associations.

OUR NAUTICAL EXPERT.

IT has been pointed out to us by numerous readers that our columns are not representative of all the communities of the Camp. They particularly mention the fact that one third of the population of Ruhleben consists of sea-farers, and that articles of peculiar interest to them should be given prominence.

We hasten to correct this unfortunate negligence, and have engaged, (at the usual fabulous salary) the services of Capt Foreandaft, late of the barge Defiant, trading on the Bedford Canal. Below will be read with pleasure, and profit also, we hope, the gallant captain's first contribution on navigation and nautical astronomy.

TIDE TABLE.		OCTOBER 1915.				FOREIGN PORTS.	
D of W	D of M	PONDSIDE STORES		BOILER HOUSE		RACE COURSE POND	
		MORN.	AFT.	MORN.	AFT.	MORN.	AFT.
		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
S	10	2 28	2 44	2 29	2 45	2 30	2 46
S	17	9 19	9 44	9 20	9 45	9 21	9 46
S	24	1 58	2 19	1 59	2 20	1 60	2 21

Celestial Phenomena for the Month.

OCTOBER 9th. Venus sets W by S at first, and then probably SW by W, but owing to the strictness of the military orders re females this planet will not be visible in Ruhleben.

Oct. 12th. Mars rises about 11 aft., and its next appearance will probably be seventy two hours later, for breaking Camp regulations.

NOTE. During this month the sun's semi-diameter is readily obtainable by the following formula: Let D = Sun's diameter on date in question, then Sun's semi diameter $= \frac{D}{2}$.

Lights, Beacons, and Buoys.

ENTRANCE TO LAGER. Watch beacon, square base, pyramidal striped white and blue diagonally. Caution is issued against anchoring within danger zone of rifle practice.

SURROUNDING LAGER. Continuous white lights of small power at even distances of forty yards, visible from sunset to dawn, N to S, S to N.

ON THE WACHE BANK. Loud sounding bell; number of strokes per minute not uniform. Rings for sixty seconds at intervals of twenty four hours. (about:)

BUOYS. Vary in position; numerous in vicinity of Bar: 23.

Care and Preservation of Chronometers.

THE best way I can suggest, is to carry the blamed thing in yer trouswers pocket, and if you don't trust your bed mates, sleep on your trousers, or in them, at nights.

NOTE. All calculations made from data given above, must be based on time as taken from the West side of the Camp clock, for owing to difference in longitude, a slight variation is apparent in the two dials.

NOTICE.

The Relief Officer of your barracks has a collecting-box for the "Ruhleben Bed Fund", to endow a "Ruhleben Bed" in perpetuity in one of the Red Cross hospitals at Home.

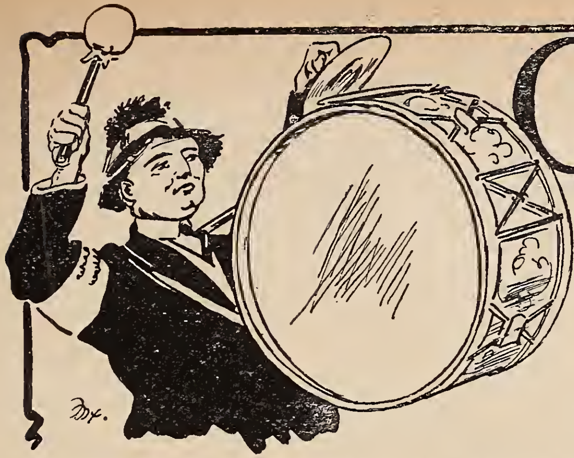
As a Britisher

You are expected

to make some sacrifice for this object not merely to give of your superfluity. The Relief Officers are keeping the boxes for a month so that, in four weekly contributions of 25 pfennigs, even the poorest Britisher may add his round Mark.

If you are British you will make some sacrifice for those who are making far greater sacrifices than those you are priveleged to make.

Forgetting to go to the box (it will not be brought to you) will be a very contemptible excuse for non-contribution.



Official Notices

TOO many letters and postcards are arriving in parcels and the military authorities wish us to write to our relations and friends and tell them this is strictly forbidden.

SLIPS can be had from the Captain of each Barrack in which you must state why you consider that you ought to be passed by the Military Doctor as military unfit for release to England.

By this you will see that every man will have his chance of stating that he thinks himself eligible for release to England as military unfit. Due notice will be given when the Medical Examination will take place.

WE would remind each member of the Camp who has Military Property, such as blankets etc. in his possession that he is responsible for the same. On being called upon by his Captain he must be able to produce this property or refund the value of same.

ALL enquiries and any matters which require a Captain's attention should be taken to the Captain of your particular Barrack as far as practicable. An orderly Captain is also on duty all day in or near the Captain's Office.

WE have to welcome thirty of our fellow countrymen from the Senne-Lager. We trust they will enjoy the advantages to be had in this Camp.

THE good wishes of the Camp go out to those who are returning to England on the 6th October under the exchange of military unfit. We trust they will have an uneventful journey and are sure that they will receive a warm welcome in the Old Country.

POLES and ropes have now been placed round the Playing Field to mark the boundary, and under no circumstances whatever is anyone allowed to go beyond the line thus marked out.

SOME of the improvements applied for to make the winter months more bearable have already been granted. The Latrines and Washing Sheds are being boarded up and windows built in. Light has been provided in the Latrines, and arrangements have been made to obviate as far as possible the long walk at night.

(Continued on page 43.)

New roads are being made and the drainage in the yard improved. The road outside Kitchen No 2 has been paved with stone and other improvements which will still be more welcome are pending.

WE have remarked how smartly some barracks line up for the Appeals and meals and what good order is kept on the way to the kitchen. If some barracks can do this why cannot all?

A further Contract has been entered into with the Trabrtennbahn Gesellschaft to secure the use of the playing field and tennis courts for the present.



Letters to the Editor

ALL letters to the editor must be accompanied by name and Barracke Number of sender, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

Sir.

At the wish of several friends and in reply to your correspondent's sportsmanlike and gentlemanly remarks about my fitness as an umpire, I challenge a "Pair of Spectacles" to come out from behind his nom de plume and undergo with me an examination in the laws and customs of cricket, to be held by a board of three examiners, two of them to be chosen by us, one by each of us respectively, and the third to be appointed by the other two.

Trusting you will see your way clear to publish this letter and thanking you in anticipation,

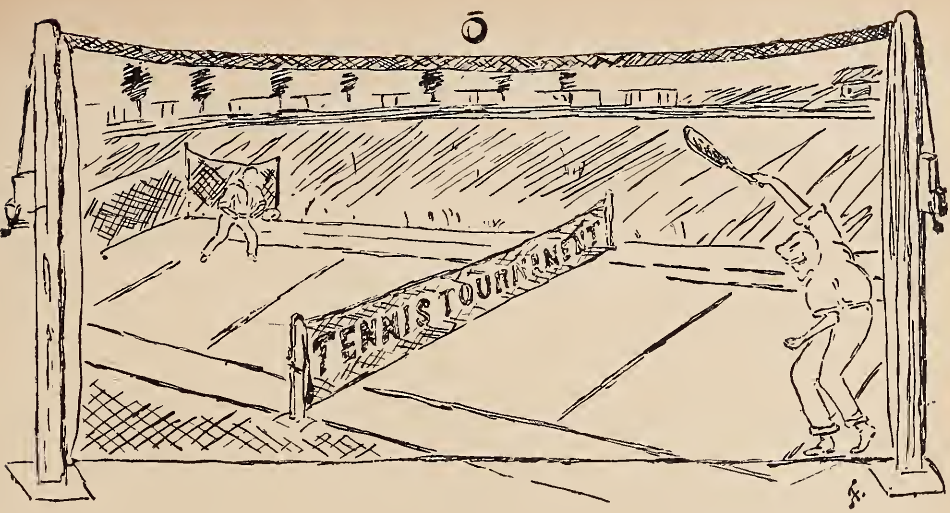
I remain, yours faithfully,
ARTHUR E. RUSSELL.

Dear Sir:

Many of us who have enjoyed the excellent Concerts of the Madrigal Club would enjoy still more the opportunity of taking part in something of the kind. Is there no one in the Camp who would take up the formation of a chorus this winter for the study, NOT of lengthy Oratorios written for mixed voices, but of suitable male-voice compositions? Work of this kind forms one of the pleasantest ways possible of passing the time for many who cannot enter into the more active recreations of the Camp.

Yours sincerely,
"OLD CHORISTER."

("Old Chorister" and his friends will have plenty of opportunity of indulging their tastes at the coming Eisteddfod. — Ed.)



ALTHOUGH only an infinitesimal part of the Camp plays tennis, yet a surprising interest has been evinced in the Tennis Tournament. By the time this is in the hands of the reader, the various competitions should have been finished, but at the time of writing the first round is hardly completed. No new stars have at present arisen in the tennis firmament, although Roberts has played a surprisingly good game, while Macintosh has thoroughly fulfilled the hopes expressed with regard to him in a former article. He was defeated by Masterman it is true, but nevertheless the defence he put up was a brilliant performance, and was only beaten by the uncanny steadiness of his opponent. The best game was, as expected, the meeting of Logie and O'Hara Murray in the Handicap singles. The Handicaps were, Logie — 15. 1/6, O'Hara Murray, Scratch. While there was from the very beginning no question as to the winner, yet Mr. Murray is to be heartily congratulated on the plucky struggle he put up, and the surprising way he got about the court. Another exciting game was that between Hill and Swift on one side, and Masterman and Coote on the other, which was won by the former pair only after their opponents had been within a point of the match in the second set. Swift is playing much better than his form in practice games led one to expect, and his victory over Kindersley was very well deserved. Gilbert is playing sound tennis, and so far has walked with ease through all his opponents. Maxwell, on the other hand, has not come at all up to expectations. In his match against Wolff he was far too inclined towards generosity in the first set, and consequently had to work hard to win the match

(Continued on page 47.)

8—6 in the last set, and this against a player who has an advantage of 40 over him in the handicaps. Our benevolent Captain G. Fisher has evinced surprising egergy. His game with Crossland as partner against O'Hara Murray and Cornwall was very sound, and probably pulled off the match. Venturing a few prophecies, we may say we expect to see Masterman get into the Semi-Finals of the Open Singles by beating Gilbert, although to do this he will have to go all out. On the form shown so far we expect Harrison and Maas in the Finals of the Open Doubles, although this entails their beating McDornan and Ripley. In the Handicap Doubles after a somewhat surprising victory over Gilbert and Harrison, McGill and Roupell have a very good chance of carrying off the laurels. So far as the Handicap Singles are concerned, we believe it will resolve itself into a struggle between the people on the back mark, and Masterman and Logie will probably appear in the Final. It is only to be hoped that the weather will clear up again. for wind and rain are the only obstacles to some fine tennis, the courts, thanks to the good care bestowed upon them, proving most satisfactory.

I. Steinbock



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J. S. PREUSS, Printer by Appointment to the Royal Court, Berlin S., Dresdenerstr. 43

MADE IN GERMANY By T A. Barton for the Education Committee of the Engländerlager für Zivilgefangene, Ruhleben, Berlin.